PAUL FLANDERS 6-37
DRAWER Z

SAYS THE EDITOR

CARMEL CYMBAL

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ACTION BY COUNCIL ON AUDIT GOES OVER TO JULY 7TH SESSION

BUSINESS ASSOCIATION IS TO BE CONGRATULATED

Even though the city will not profit by the action this summer as it was hoped it would, the adoption by the Carmel Business Association of a resolution asking the city for a two-hour parking ordinance in the business section is occasion for loud cheers.

There was a time when during the winter months the chances of finding a place to park in the middle of the day were better than even. Now the odds are against it, and during the summer there are no bets at all on your chances. It will continue to be so this summer, but the action of the association, provided the council reacts favorably, means relief for the future.

By taking action to rid the city of the itinerant peddlers' unfair competition with established stores and making "fake" sales difficult, the association has further established its value to the city. It is to be congratulated.

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ANOTHER CHANCE FOR KIP TO GAIN FAVOR

Mr. Kip Silvey's sign moderation is all right as far as it has gone, and he has without doubt made a decided improvement in the appearance of that corner, but can't we prevail upon him to reduce the size of the "KIP'S" over his doorway? It is not so much that the sign in itself is objectionable, although it is a bit blatant, but it is now precisely not in keeping with others on the block in which the store is located. If Kip has gained favor with the people by what he has already done in the sign-reduction business, he will gain just so much more by reducing this front door sign. To put it plainly, it will be a matter of good business for him to do it.

The quick response of The Purity Stores to public protest against their huge sign, and its replacement by what is undoubtedly an attractive and equally as readable insignia has lost them nothing and gained them much.

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LET'S COME CLEAN ON THIS AUDIT BUSINESS

It is time that some of the fuzz be scraped off what is becoming known in Carmel as this "audit mystery". It is time, too, that sane and sensible reasoning take the place of sentiment. The taxpayers are entitled to know what is going on in municipal affairs, particularly are they entitled to know what is being done, and has been done, with taxpayers' money. There is little sentiment involved in the collection of taxes. There should be none when it comes to the matter of how they are handled after they have been collected.

THE CYMBAL endeavored two weeks ago, when the improvement districts funds audit became a public record, to give the public as clear an understanding as possible of what it contained. The report was in the hands of the editor. He was given all the time he desired to study it, to endeavor to interpret it. What THE CYMBAL printed was all of the audit the editor felt would be comprehensible to the public. He held nothing back for the purpose of protecting anybody. He printed everything he could understand himself and everything he believed the public could understand. After all, only an auditor

(Continued on Page Two)

2-HOUR PARKING IS PROPOSAL OF BUSINESS GROUP

More and more things does the Carmel Business Association do to justify its existence.

This last Friday it did a number of them.

It adopted a resolution asking the city council for an ordinance providing for two-hour parking on Ocean Avenue, between Monte Verde and Mission streets; on Dolores, Lincoln and San Carlos, between Ocean Avenue and Seventh —in a word, in the business district. The parking time now is unlimited.

Unfortunately, however, Carmel will get no advantage from this proposal this summer due to the fact that the next regular meeting of the council is not until July 7 and an ordinance cannot be acted upon until the next regular council meeting, or at a special meeting following that, and cannot be finally passed until another meeting. This would bring the desired result not before late August or early September.

Then the association voted to recommend to the council the adoption of the so-called "Pasadena ordinance" which virtually prevents "special sales" by merchants who drop in for the summer spoils. The proposed law would require that only goods can be sold at a sale that have been inventoried and recorded two months previous to the sale. Also, that $50 be paid as a license for said sale. This looks tough for "clearance sales" and the like.

It was also voted that the itinerant, door-to-door peddlers' license be increased to $10 a day, and canvassers who make their headquarters at hotels, to $20 a day. Also tough.

It was voted to pay $12 out of the association treasury for a reflector sign on the highway at the head of Ocean Avenue, directing northbound traffic to Carmel. The southbound traffic, from Monterey, is expected to know where it is and where to turn.

Jack Herron was elected a director of the association to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Malcolm Macbeth.

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City Officers Get Pay Raise

Chief of Police Robert Norton and Policeman Earl Wermuth each get a $5 a month pay raise, Superintendent of Streets Bill Askew gets $25 more for acting also as superintendent of parks and Building Inspector Birney Adams get a flat $150 a month. Deputy Tax Collector Hefling gets $135 a month. The new salary schedule is to take effect July 1 by reason of the ordinance passed on first reading by the council Wednesday night, and due for final passage at a special meeting June 30.

Norton was getting $170 a month, plus $15 for his car. He will now get $175, plus the $15. Wermuth will get $140 plus $15 for his car. The police get a $5 a month raise when they have served three years, and $5 additional a year for two years after that until they reach the maximum of $150. Wermuth is the only member of the force entitled to the $5 increase for service.

The council Wednesday night also decided that Mary Dummage is to get her pound of flesh, which amounts to about an inch of sidewalk on Lincoln street. With this additional acreage she will construct her business block at Ocean and Lincoln. The dispute as to property lines was decided by A. B. Fleming, surveyor, acting for the city. Anyway, Ernie Schweninger will not have to tear his building down.

A LITTLE WORD IN THE EAR OF OUR CHIEF OF POLICE

Dear Bob:

Last Friday afternoon I informed a member of your police department that in all probability the quite disgraceful affair which occurred on Ocean Avenue would occur. He didn't seem much interested. That is, he took no steps to prevent it. Personally, that was all right with me as far as any violence was concerned, but is it all right with you as the head of the police department sworn, I presume, to use all power at your command to keep the public peace? Now, I am reliably informed that since the last Friday affair, Joe Burge has said: "And I'm not through yet." Isn't it up to you to determine just what he means by that? After all, when it comes to keeping the peace, a councilman and a commissioner of police is no better than any other citizen.

I told your officer that on a previous occasion Burge had threatened to make a public disturbance. And he did. I am telling you now that he threatens to make another one. I am not asking you to consider the welfare of my nose. It can take it. It has. I am asking you to consider the matter of disgraceful scenes on the city streets. What are you going to do about it?

There's another point that you might consider for an instant before you toss it off, and that is this: For the past month an average of 533 residents of Carmel have, each week, either received THE CYMBAL as fully-paid-up subscribers or bought it on the newsstands. That is a larger, much larger total of paid circulation in Carmel than any other Carmel newspaper has ever attained in the town's history. It would tend to indicate that these people like the way I am running the paper. They are the people who are paying your salary. They are people who have a right to expect that you live up to your oath of office.

You can't smile this off in that charming way you have.

What ARE you going to do about this fiery, law-defying commissioner of police?

W. K. BASSETT

Dr. Edwin F. Kehr, Dr. Paul Hunter Leaving Town

The Doctors Edwin F. Kehr and Paul M. Hunter will hang out their signs in Pasadena on July 1. Somehow, this is a sort of shock to the community. Doctors and hitching posts always strike one as fixtures. Doctor Kehr says it's specialization that's got him. He says it makes one very tired at night to be what he calls a "skin and contents" man. So he will dwindle down to Internal Medicine and Dr. Hunter will do nothing but Surgery.

To take their Carmel practice, Dr. John Gratiot will come over from Monterey to do Surgery and Dr. Marshall Carter from Oakland as Internal Medicine man. Dr. Kehr says they are both young men, both Harvard Meds, and have a lot on the ball. Both Dr. Hunter and Dr. Kehr leave a large and regretful practice.

There are only twelve dogs to cart along just at present.

No Trace Found Of Mrs. Rogers' Assailant

Up to late yesternoon afternoon no direct trace had been found of the fiend who attacked Mrs. Douglas Rogers, wife of Policeman Rogers of Carmel, in her home on Guadalupe street Wednesday evening.

Although the Carmel police, as well as other Peninsula departments and the sheriff's office at Salinas, have been combing all adjacent territory, the only clue found was the report in Pacific Grove yesterday that a man such as Mrs. Rogers described had been seen there. It was also reported that someone had seen a blue coupe drive away from the neighborhood of the Douglas home on Wednesday evening shortly after the attack. A coupe, answering the description of this one, was seen traveling toward Salinas.

Mrs. Rogers, though painfully, is not seriously hurt. She bears cuts on her arms and chest from what is believed to have been a razor blade.

She was attending to her baby in her home, about twilight Wednesday evening, when the man entered and demanded food. When she refused him he knockd her down and slashed her several times before she was able to reach a target arrow with which she drove him off. It is believed that Mrs. Rogers stabbed him with the arrow, since it broke in her hand and the tip was carried away either in the flesh or clothing of her assailant.

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Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith, who is "Susan Smith" of the San Francisco *Examiner*, is visiting with friends on the Peninsula for a few days.

CAMPBELL ASKS FURTHER TIME TO PRESENT HIS OPINION

If there is a cat in the bag in this city audit business it will not pop out until the evening of Wednesday, July 7.

At last Wednesday night's meeting of the council, City Attorney Argyll Campbell, whose report is awaited by the council before action on the audit, asked for further time.

In his communication to the council, the city attorney said:

"Purpose of this communication is to inform your honorable body that in conformity with your instructions I have commenced an investigation of the delinquencies set forth in the audit of the books of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, recently completed by Shaff Brothers, public accountants, now on file in the office of the city clerk.

"I have interviewed Miss Saidee Van Brower, clerk and ex-officio assessor, and Mr. Clayton Shaff, certified public accountant, relative to the delinquencies mentioned above and have requested their explanation of the various items embraced within such delinquencies.

"From these meetings I have had with Miss Van Brower and Mr. Shaff it has become apparent to me that the matters to be investigated are of such number and of such complexity that additional time will be required for the completion of the investigation, and for a final report to be made to the council in connection therewith.

"I contacted Mr. Clayton L. Shaff today and requested that he meet with Miss Van Brower and myself for the purpose of going over in detail the delinquencies shown in teh audit, and Mr. Shaff consented to follow the suggestion which I made to him.

"I hope to arrange this meeting for the forthcoming week-end and immediately thereafter to secure a statement from the city clerk setting forth her position on each of the delinquent items in question.

"Notwithstanding the fact that I am now prepared to give my opinion relative to certain individual items embraced within those mentioned above, I believe it best to report upon the delinquencies in full upon the completion of the investigation rather than making a piece meal statement relating thereto."

On reading of the city attorney's communication, the council decided to put the matter over until the next regular meeting, which is July 7.

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WEEK-DAY MASS TO BE SAID AT MISSION

Masses will be said at the old Carmel Mission every week-day morning at 7:30 o'clock during the summer as well as the regular 8 and 10 o'clock masses held on Sundays. Father Michael D. O'Connell is in charge of the parish and will conduct the services.

can fully understand and glibly interpret or analyze an audit. Most of it is the worst kind of Greek to the layman.

The audit, as presented to the council by Clayton L. Shaff, contained a summary of a typewritten page and a half. The rest of it was nothing but figures, divided into nine separate improvement district funds. Seven of these, presumably the most important ones, were listed in the summary together with the amounts they appeared to be shy in assessments omitted, interest not charged and penalties not imposed.

This list was printed in THE CYMBAL, with a paragraph from the summary which seemed to sum up the situation and which contained a suggestion to the council that it give special attention to the errors and omissions noted.

It is true that in the separate audits of the various districts, the name of Saidee Van Brower appeared as the owner of the property on which assessments had been omitted and penalties unimposed. But other names appeared also in these separate audits and listings of errors and omissions.

While no special pleading of any kind could dissuade the editor of THE CYMBAL from giving the public what he considered was germane and important in the auditor's report and summary, he did feel that by listing property owners he would be doing them, including Miss Van Brower, an injustice until the audit had been examined and reported on by the city attorney.

Now there seems to be prevalent about the city the idea that the public has not been let in on this audit "mystery". That something is being kept from the taxpayers. As far as THE CYMBAL is concerned it has kept nothing from its news columns which it felt it could with clarity and propriety print.

Then, there is an undercurrent of resentment in some circles; expressions of opinion that somebody is "picking on" Saidee Van Brower, implying that she has been guilty of malfeasance in office. If this implication has been made, then the auditor made it, as far as THE CYMBAL is concerned. Until this day we have made no editorial comment in the matter, waiting, as we have said, for Argyll Campbell's interpretation and report. We have done nothing but what is the duty of a newspaper—given the public what facts we could obtain, facts that are a matter of record.

We have not, as has been done by one branch of the public press in Carmel, openly cast reflections on the honesty and integrity of the county clerk, nor have we, as has been done by another branch of it, deliberately withheld facts in the report from the people. One action is contemptible and the other spineless and stupid.

As we have said, only commonsense should dictate reaction to the entire affair. If the city clerk has been guilty of costly errors through inefficient conduct of her office, the taxpayers should know it. If she has been guilty of deliberate manipulation of her books, the taxpayers should know it. If, as she has said, with all the emphasis of which she is capable, she is the victim of circumstances which have to do with lack of help, errors of others and absence of proper and occasional audits, the taxpayers should know that, too.

But in this matter which has to do with dollars and cents, with the finances of a corporation in which the taxpayers are stockholders and in which their money is invested, there should be no silly sentiment invoked in defense of a public official. The fact that she is a woman should not be considered. The fact of her long and faithful service will not make a column of figures add if it will not add.

What we want to know is, what does the audit actually show? Why does it show what it shows? And if there have been mistakes who is to blame for them?

If the situation is as the city clerk says it is, and we stand ready to believe her, Saidee Van Brower should be the last person in town to protest against a clearing of the atmosphere and an unprejudiced, thorough understanding of the Shaff audit of improvement district funds.

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A PERSONAL WORD

I desire to make an apology to the people of Carmel for my part in the disgraceful affair which took place last Friday evening on Ocean avenue. My only excuse for participation in the street brawl is that I was forced into it by our commissioner of police. I would like, also, to make an apology for Commissioner Burge, offering as his excuse that he was forced into it by his ungovernable temper.

There are one or two amusing angles to the whole situation and it is possible that knowledge of them would entertain CYMBAL readers.

In the first place, as was noted in last week's CYMBAL, when Councilman Burge, in the council meeting a week ago Wednesday, voiced his somewhat heated opposition to an increase of Bill Askew's salary, he ended up with: "I expect to be criticized for this, but I believe in being frank and saying what I think." Generally when a man expects something and gets it, he takes it as a matter of course. THE CYMBAL'S criticism of the councilman was based solely on what we believed, and still do believe, was a misguided policy and one which was, and is, injurious to the welfare of Carmel. As a public official, he had a right to expect criticism for his public acts, and as a public official he got it.

The second amusing angle is that Councilman Burge had previously made threats of personal violence against me, informing me over the telephone that he didn't settle such things in newspapers, but with his fist. So when last Friday he called my home by telephone and demanded to know when I was going to my office and on being told, he said, "I'll be waiting for you," I naturally expected this threatened physical violence.

It did not, however, frighten me. You can't have spent as many years writing editorials, and saying what you think, without running up against this sort of thing at intervals. But I have also learned in my editorial life that no matter how right you may be in a street fight, you lose in the long run. Black eyes, broken noses, swollen jaws will eventually eradicate themselves, but there is something else that happens to you in the minds of the people that lasts indefinitely. Also, although this may arouse unintended mirth, I felt that it would not be so good for Carmel and, too, for Carmel's commissioner of police, to be involved in a street fight. So, on my way to the office I met Policeman Earl Wermuth and informed him that the threat had been made by Councilman Burge; told him that I was on my way to the office to meet it, and asked if he wanted to do anything about it. Earl's reply was: "All right. If you need any help, call us." I had visions of holding a telephone in one hand and fighting off Joe Burge with the other. But I said, "O.K." and went to meet the commissioner of police.

He wasn't at my office to meet me. I arrived here at 4:30 and remained until 5:15. He did not come. I wrote a note and pinned it on the door of THE CYMBAL office. It read: "Dear Burge: Waited here for you for three-quarters of an hour. Must leave. Am going out of town on fishing trip over the week-end. Will return Monday and see you then. Bassett." Then, as an afterthought, I added a postscript: "Sorry to have missed you."

I went to the post office. From the post office I dropped in to Barney Segal's office which we call our "Ocean avenue office" because subscriptions for THE CYMBAL are taken there. I didn't drop in far. There was Joe Burge. He met me at the door. Grabbed my coat and held on with firm grasp. I endeavored to argue him out of making an ass of himself on Carmel's main thoroughfare. There may have been some involuntary self-preservation thought in my attempt. Take it as you will. Anyway, it was of no avail. He tore my glasses off and smacked me with his open hand. Thereupon . . . But let the *Herald* story, in another part of the paper, tell the rest. I may have a different version of it, but so will Joe Louis and Mr. Braddock each have a different version of their encounter. You can't rely much on the slant of a combatant.

But it didn't occur to me until a cool, ruminating evening, far up in the Santa Lucia mountains, that Burge had thought "my" office was up on Ocean avenue and had been waiting for me there all that time.

However, and nevertheless, what may or may not have happened to me at the hands of Joe Burge last Friday, THE CYMBAL cannot break faith with its subscribers and supporters by letting any such a trifle as that interfere with its efforts to be of service to the community and provide the public with frank and untrammeled opinion about things that in any way effect its welfare. THE CYMBAL policy, in other words, cannot be dictated by the physical timidity of its editor.

Joe Burge will have to understand that I will continue to criticize his official acts without the slightest consideration for what happened last Friday or for what might happen in a similar manner in the future. I would suggest to him, however, that if he will take advantage of the offer THE CYMBAL makes to everyone—an offer of the use of its columns to say whatever he pleases about me, or the paper, or anything concerning Carmel's affairs—he will get along better in the opinion of the people and, which is not so important, my blood will not have been spilled to no good purpose.

—W. K. BASSETT

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WELL, HERE'S WHO ROSS KIESTER MARRIED

At last we learn the name of the girl Ross Kiester married on June 5. She was Catharine Hardcastle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hardcastle, and the marriage took place in Honolulu. Mrs. Josephine Baber, grandmother of the bridegroom, is much relieved to hear the news because the last she heard before the announcement was that he was going to marry "a wonderful girl". Ross is the son of Mrs. Lucille Kiester of Hollywood and Ross Kiester of Honolulu.

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Music Society Makes Plans For Season

Repeats of two concert programs and two attractions new to Carmel, will make up the Winter Series for the Carmel Music Society for 1937-38.

The two new ones will be Rudolph Serkin, pianist, and Shan Kar and his East Indian Ballet and orchestra. The latter made one trip to the West coast about four years ago and has been teasing the esthetic appetites of those who saw him and also those who did not, ever since. Not only esthetic appetites but athletic as well, for he and his troup are no small masters in the art of gymnastics and contortions. Well do we remember the many and varied head-twistings in the lobby of the theater by the most staid of business men as they tried to get the Shan Kar serpent wiggle.

The great popularity of Nathan Milstein and the fact that many unfortunately did not hear him when he was here last spring has caused the Music Society to bring him back for a February engagement. The Budapest String Quartet, to appear on the list for April, has been heard and well remembered by Carmel audiences.

Miss Emily Pitkin, president, and the members of the board of the Carmel Music Society are to be congratulated on the fine series which they have chosen.

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HOST OF CLUB TAHITI DOES SOME OF HIS CONCOCTING HERE

Mr. and Mrs. Nino Brambila were guests at Libby Ley's home the other night and concocted a superb Tahitian rum punch, long a favorite drink at the Royal Tahitian Yacht Club. They also compounded an appetizer called "Eeta", which is made out of raw fish and almost everything else conceivable, and which even the most doubting and critical guests found delicious.

Nino has lived for many years in Tahiti and is now the owner of the Club Tahiti and the Club Fiesta in San Francisco.

His original group of entertainers were all grabbed off by Hollywood. We recognized Augie Goupil as the very beautiful boy who danced on the drums in "Waikiki Wedding" and who was once the leader of Nino's orchestra.

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John Roberts is back in Carmel for the snummer, staying with his mother, Mrs. Elmina Roberts, at her home on Fourth and Santa Rita. John has been attending college in Oregon, enrolled in the school of journalism.

Mitzi and John Marionettes Good Show

We happened on a dress rehearsal of "The Witch's Enchantment", the puppet show Mitzi and John are giving down at the Marionette Shop in the Valley beginning Sunday evening, and laffed our head off, so to speak. As a matter of fact, and somewhat parenthetically, we believe the reason we didn't get even a glimmer of a thrill out of either "Dead End" or "Idiot's Delight" was because the quality of fantasy is something we have got a long way from, and something that we—speaking of all of us—want terribly. So we melted with glee at Jocko and the witch and at Bessie, who gave us a special rendition of something or other. That bosom!

There will be a show at 7:30, giving the children time to be in bed at nine. Another performance at 8:30 for such as can bear to see a puppet show and not see the children see it, too. See?

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Anne Walcott Plans To Wed In September

Anne Walcott informed us Wednesday, with disarming suddenness, that she is going to get married.

She even elaborated on this statement. She told us to whom and when. To George Hopps of La Playa Hotel staff and in September.

She further told us that her aunt, Mrs. Garrard Comly, of Tuxedo Park, New York, plans to fly here to attend the ceremony.

She said that after the ceremony she and her husband would make a motor trip south and try to get deep into Mexico before husband's wedding vacation demanded turning back.

She told us that they will live in Carmel—probably at La Playa.

This last is perhaps the most important news to us. We like Anne muchly and we're particularly glad of this post-wedding plan—this living in Carmel. We have known her long. Since she was a little girl. When her mother, Louise, was doing such beautiful work on Carmel's amateur stage not so many years ago.

After her mother's death, Anne decided on nursing as a career—but, as you see, poof on careers. Se studied at the Santa Barbara Cottage Hospital, and less than a year ago was turned out a nurse and, as good luck would have it, got a job on the Peninsula Community Hospital staff right here. Now—well, we've told it.

George Hopps is the son of Mr. and Mrs. George Hopps. He was a student in the Univerity of Washington where he was a member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity, familiarly known as the Dekes.

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Ambulance Needs Only $175 More

Only $175 more to go on the $1,800 quota for the ambulance fund sponsored by the Carmel Chapter of the American Red Cross. There is but a short time to elapse before Col. T. B. Taylor, who is chairman of the ambulance committee, will be able to look over all the different types of first-aid conveyors and pick the one most suited to the needs of this community. C. W. Lee, preident of the local Red Cross Chapter, hopes that the remaining $175 will be turned in at the Red Cross headquarters on Dolores street by the end of this week. If, in your hurry you can't find the Red Cross headquarters, either of the banks in Carmel will take your contribution.

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FRENCH GROUP MEETS WITH MME PIRENNE

The Cercle Français met at the home of Madame Pirenne again on Wednesday. "Ici on parle Français." Madame Pirenne says the French consul will be down from San Francisco one of these days. This was the third meeting of a group that gets together and converses in French before tea and then, since Madame serves sumptuous foods, relaxes into the Turkic afterwards if that is easier.

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Mission San Juan Bautista Observes 140th Anniversary Next Week-End With Festival in Old California Town

Mision San Juan Bautista will celebrate its 140th anniversary on June 26 and 27. This annual festival is held in the big natural amphitheater. The old town of San Juan has not been built up as many of the old mission towns have and it carries a distinct flavor of the early days of California.

The program of events for the annual two-day celebration includes a dance at the Old Plaza Hotel Saturday evening, June 26, and for Sunday an historical parade, a barbecue luncheon, a horse show and both an afternoon and evening performance of the pageant written especially for the occasion by Lucy Cuddy of San Francisco and called "Dolores of San Juan". The production will be directed by Reginald Travers and the music program will be under the baton of Adolph Otterstein of San Jose State College. The score was composed by Francisco Vallejo McGettigan, of one of the oldest families of California.

Proceeds from the celebration will go toward the fund to restore and preserve the old Mission and the buildings adjacent. Father Francis J. Caffrey is in charge.

Community Hospital Nurses Have Fine Place in Which To Relax From Duties

We sat around and chatted with a covey of Peninsula Community Hospital nurses the other day and infused into ourself a cup of hot-brewed tea made fresh in their new kitchen and found out what nurses are like when they aren't pushing things down your throat or up your arm, or something. The charming little house they now have to live in had just begun to mellow down to comfort and homeliness. You know, just enough stockings and panties and likenesses of beautiful males scattered here and there to warm up the oyster walls with the blush of comradeship.

We don't know either Mrs. W. F. Kilpatrick or Ada Howe Kent who gave the furnishings for the house, but in a way we feel quite well acquainted with them. The kind of people who would take the trouble to make blueprints of a house and then go out and personally shop for color schemes—and show such excellent taste in them—and wear out their feet hunting for stuffs and dishes and egg beaters and candlesticks and pots and furnace and radios; the kind of women who know just how much the girls who had been sterilized in white all day would appreciate luring colors, gracious indirect lighting and those heavenly sunken chairs—these are not the usual run of givers. They could, you know, have sat limply on a *chaise longue* and written a cheque and waited for the encomiums to come tumbling in.

From the Burgdorff painting over the mantelpiece to the posies and cozies in Katherine Smits' suite, we thought the house charming. The girls love it.

That the building of the home for the nurses will liberate ten obstetric beds is one of the important points. What with new recreational facilities being developed ahead for them, Carmel babies have an *a priori* duty to be born. Recreation or not, the hospital has been hitherto unable to accommodate them at one time or another.

We took a last sip of tea, without any danger of having our temperature taken.

"Well, I've got to go and sweat a man," said one of the girls.

—L. S.

JOHN RILEY O'DONNELL NEW MANAGER OF MISSION CLUB

John Riley O'Donnell is the new manager at the Mission Ranch Club and begorra a very fine name it is, too. O'Donnell started his duties last Monday and has already had work begun on that swimming pool we have been hearing so much about. They plan to have the pool ready by the first of July, which means some fancy stepping, or pooling. The new maestro was recently connected with the California Golf and Country Club at Baden and seems to like his place here very much. And it's happy to have ye here we are, Misther O'Donnell.

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LEGION PLANS FOR ANNUAL BARBECUE AND CIRCUS

What it is hoped will become an annual affair will be held at the Mission Ranch Club on Sunday July 4 in the form of a barbecue, officially, but a general circus, informally, by the Carmel Post of the American Legion.

By Ford and Corum Jackson are the committee in charge of the plans and Corum says it should be a big day and evening. There will be badminton and tennis tournaments, games and sports generally for the mature as well as the youth, and a list of amusements of all kinds.

If it works, it will be repeated next year, and the next, and the next, ad infinitum.

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Conrad Imelman, [illegible]ar expert, who fell on his face while inspecting his new, but uncompleted home a week ago, has gone to Tassajara Springs to get back his morale after the painful and distressing accident. Conrad's face was somewhat mussed up after the fall down stairs that were not ready for regulation descent. He will be back in Carmel tomorrow.

MISS RUTH O. HUESTIS
NORMANDY APARTMENTS
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Miss Tilly Polak Back Among Us

Miss Tilly Polak has come back!

But learning just where she has been these past three month, and why, is difficult, what with about everybody in town swarming into her shop to greet her.

But in between welcoming parties we did get the following facts, smacking considerably of Baedeker: That in landing at Havre, she went to Rouen, on leaving Rouen she went to Paris, on departing from Paris she hied to Holland, on turning around she went back to Paris, quitting Paris again she went to Marseilles, from Marseilles to Aix-Provence, then Avignon, then back to Paris and finally to Antwerp, whence she sailed for New York. From New York she eventually boarded the Santa Fe's crack train, *The Chief*, and got back to California.

Undoubtedly what Miss Polak did in all these places, on all these various occasions, is material for a volume, but she commented on women at work in fields with white handkerchiefs about their heads and smoke from little houses going straight up to heaven.

On her way back acros this country, through vast stretches of the middle-west, Miss Polak saw wide, wide spaces, with no human beings anywhere, dry, seeming desolate land with nothing, she said, "going straight up to heaven."

A greeting group came in at this point. We continue getting Tilly Polak home next week.

\+ + +

Mr. and Mrs. Gail Anderton and their daughter, Jane, were entertained by the Lloyd Tevis's at their Mission Ranch home last Sunday.

Councilman And Editor Mix

Certainly there should be impartial reporting on the so-called fistic affair that occurred on Ocean avenue last Friday evening, so we present herewith the *Peninsula Herald's* news item on Monday in regard thereto:

"Tongues are wagging in Carmel over the reported boxing bout between Joseph Burge, local nurseryman who is a member of the city council, and W. K. Bassett, newspaper publisher, on Friday afternoon near the city post office.

"From what people say, the two men met during the afternoon and had words about an article concerning Burge that had appeared in the Bassett paper. Burge is said to have struck Bassett and knocked him down, but no serious injury resulted.

"In the ensuing exchange of blows it is said that Walter Gaddum, prominent Carmelite, attempted to act as peacemaker and was struck in the face.

"Police were called but were delayed by holiday traffic and did not arrive until the fracas was over. Numerous people saw the incident and were not slow in spreading the news to their friends."

We might remark, to clarify the item, that the Bassett referred to is editor of the CARMEL CYMBAL. It is the policy of newspapers such as the *Herald* to refrain from giving any undue publicity to other publications. It sometimes makes news items rather vague.

\+ + +

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Woodworth of Los Altos were guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Murray last weekend.

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The Carmel Cymbal

ESTABLISHED MAY 11, 1926

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E. A. H. Watson • A. Porter Halsey
W. K. Bassett

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W. K. BASSETT, Editor

Vol. 6 No. 25

June 18, 1937

The Cymbal is on sale at
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CIRCULATION STATEMENT

The guaranteed net paid circulation of THE CYMBAL *last week (issue of June 11, 1937) was as follows:*

CARMEL DISTRICT

Paid Subscribers	372
Newsstand and Street Sales	174
Total, Carmel District	546
OUTSIDE CARMEL DISTRICT	
Paid Subscribers	132
Total, Paid Circulation	678
Gain over previous week	24

(The total paid circulation of THE CYMBAL *in the Carmel District—Carmel, Carmel Highlands, and Pebble Beach—is far in excess of that of any other Carmel newspaper.)*

WANTS CLEAN STREETS

Dear Cymbal:

How about doing something about cleaning Carmel streets—I mean, the business streets. From where I am sitting as I write this, I look out on Dolores street at a mess of paper that has been blowing back and forth in front of my office for a week or more. And in front of the post office it's worse. It is my job to sell real estate in Carmel, or try to sell it. Recently prospective buyers have commented on the dirty streets. They didn't think them in keeping with the impression one gets of the town from afar. We don't want to disillusion people who come here and who would be desirable human additions to our community, do we? Can't we have a regular program for cleaning the business streets? Can't *The Cymbal* do something about it? It seems always to be doing something about something.

June 17, 1937 Ray Burns

\+ + +

Beniamino Bufano and Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Cameron of San Francisco dropped into town for several hours last Saturday. Bufano is hard at work on the 150-foot statue of Saint Francis which will be stainless steel and copper and will be erected on Christmas Point in the City. The Camerons are both musicians, well known in San Francisco and the Bay region, and frequent visitors to the Peninsula.

CARMEL CAPERS

For the benefit of newcomers to this community and those who are occasionally puzzled by local terminology, we have thoughtfully compiled the following short glossary of words and phrases most commonly in use in Carmel's esoteric social circles.

We acknowledge our indebtedness to Bobby Smith who, being a citizen of longer standing in the community than ourselves, was of inestimable value to us in this scholarly compilation.

A plutocrat: One who eats and sleeps without working.

Formal attire: A collar and tie.

A spender: One who pays the cover charge at Del Monte without comment.

High: When one can no longer stand up.

Police: Unfortunately there are those restrictions on the printed word.

Well-read: To be acquainted with the latest antics of "Snuffy Smith" in this week's *Examiner*.

A babe: Any presumably female creature of less than 45 summers and 50 long, hard winters.

Time to go home: When the liquor is gone.

Late: When one's long-enduring host, after several ill-concealed yawns, has finally retired to bed.

A dresser: One possessed of two handkerchiefs, one of which is simply for show.

Man-about-town: One who knows all the bartenders' first names.

Well-traveled: To refer casually to distant points, such as Salinas.

Native: One who, when he says he is going to town, does not imply any moral rebellion or kicking over of traces, but simply that he is going to the post office to get the mail.

Stuffy: The supreme insult, applicable in this case to anyone inclined to take issue with us on any of the foregoing definitions.

\+

Ward Ingram and Arthur Hargrave, San Francisco Olympic Club champs, were down here for several days last week.

They are leaving shortly for Hawaii where they intend to swim in the Hawaiian meets and are then going to Japan to compete in the pre-Olympics here.

These record-holders claimed to have come to Carmel because there was "so much open water to swim in". We do not doubt that they found all that they required for natatation, but conspicuously eschewed water, in all its forms, for other purposes.

\+

Earl and Josephine, professional ball room dancers, appearing at Del Monte last week, gave an impromptu cycling exhibition in front of the hotel one warm afternoon, not so long ago.

They were peddling their way in and out amongst parked cars, spectators and idle reporters like us, with all the grace of clouds wafting across the sky, of birds on the wing, or professional dancers at play.

\+

Alvin Beller, young Carmel artist, who spent the winter in Palm Springs and returned a few weeks ago from Hawaii, where he did some very nice pastels of tropical scenes, is now back in Carmel for a short visit with his mother, before again taking off for eastern points.

In addition to his sketches Alvin has a huge photograph album, in which his extensive travels are recorded and annotated by himself. This, we suspect of being a decoy (an interesting variation on the antiquated etching theme) with the advantages of far greater mobility.

\+

Our beloved and venerated editor, W. K. Bassett, went for a horseback ride up into the Santa Lucia mountains last week-end.

He says he had a wonderful time and thinks it would be healthy for him to do the same thing every week. In view of the way in which some of the illustrious members of our august Carmel council have reacted to his editorials, we also would advocate the salubrious effects of long and distant rides on horseback.

\+

Fred Conlan, who has been studying medicine in an eastern university, and his brother, Louis, familiar to all of Carmel's gayer denizens, are staying in their Pebble Beach home.

They have brought with them, as a guest, Ramona Clark, who when we last knew her, was singing in the Kalua Club, and who can still be easily induced to render the same two songs that then comprised her repertoire.

\+

Phil Nesbitt, with the aid of Jon Konigshofer, has started to delineate the little pigs going to market, which are to be a feature of the decoration of Kip's new food emporium.

\+

In San Francisco we saw a skywriter write "I love Hel—" in smoke in the sky. He evidently ran out of smoke on the last three letters but it was a lovely sentiment loftily executed, just the same.

\+

It seems the family of McAdams are finally and irrevocably departing for the East. We are sorry to see them go, especially Bill, without whose ardent co-operation, no Carmel party ever really merited the name.

\+

How about designating our land-poor aristocrats of the valley as the "Carmel Indigentry"?

—LIBBY LEY

\+ + +

LA COLLECTA CLUB HEARS READING ON HOLLAND

La Collecta Club was entertained at the home of Mrs. C. F. Haskell on Monte Verde and Fourth streets Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. Grace Ricketson, hostess, presented the speaker, Mrs. Vivé Harber, who read the section on Holland from the Stoddard Lectures. New officers for the next six months were elected. Mrs. Homer S. Bodley will be president, Mrs. C. F. Haskell, vice-president, Mrs. Flo Harms, secretary, and Mrs. Vivé Harber, treasurer. A social hour and refreshments followed the meeting.

If You've Never Ever Caught a Slevini The Less You Say Right Now the Better

Well, whatever you may think about the umbrella—inverted umbrella—in good order—catching bugs—you have to hand it to this Louis Slevin person when it comes to creeping things. He is somebody, as many of us veterans know, but of which the rising generation wots little.

For instance, in the intermittent volumes of *The Pacific Entomologist*, the name Slevin appears not so seldom. You may not recognize it always—it reads *slevini*, with no capital, but that's our Louis. Take *Diodyrhynchus slevini*, for example. It's a beetle, and Louis Slevin got it in one of his fifty-cent, good order umbrellas. And one J. O. Martin, who named it, remarked in the *Entomologist* at the time: "I take pleasure in dedicating this species to L. S. Slevin whose careful collecting has done much to make known the interesting fauna of the Monterey peninsula."

And if you don't think that Louis Slevin has done much, you're crazy. Down in the Academy of Science in San Francisco is a collection of specimens given to the institution by him. He collected them himself. How many are there in the collection? Well, you guess. Twenty-five. Wrong. Twenty-five hundred. Wrong again. Twenty-five thousand. Right. We'll put it in figures—25,000 specimens of bugs! Pretty smart, eh? With a 50 cent umbrella, in good order, or, let us say, a couple of 50 cent umbrellas, in good order.

And don't run away with the idea that the *Diodyrhynchus slevini* is the only *slevini* slevinied in the *Pacific Entomologist*. There are a half a dozen or so bugs or beetles Louis Slevin has found around here, bugs and beetles that don't do any bugging and beetling anywhere else, and therefore bear his name.

Louis Slevin also sells post cards, paint brushes, ink tennis balls, *Saturday Evening Posts*, pencils, pen wipers, model airplanes and rubber bands in a little store he established a week or so ago down on Ocean

WE GO ON CAMPING TRIP: THE DETAILS LATER

Mrs. F. H. Clark of Berkeley was in Carmel over the past week-end visiting her sister, Mrs. Carrie H. Bassett. Her sister's son, who works at being an editor, went on a camping trip with his wife and son, Oliver, and Dr. D. T. MacDougal, referred to in *Who's Who* as a scientist. What happened on that camping trip, far up in the Santa Lucias, is too close to the visiting participants to be anywhere near in the right perspective for recounting. By next week it will have gotten to normal in the retina of the mind's eye and can be transcribed.

don't leave home

to enjoy a stimulating, interesting change of menu . . . most of those tangy, tasty Mexican and Spanish dishes served at the Snack are ready to take out . . .

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HOLMAN'S

CLANGING CYMBALS

In a letter to a friend back East, we were describing a friend in Carmel. We said: "She sails around the town in a flowing cape, with a cob over her arm." Now, we are quite aware that a cob may be, besides a wicker basket, either a thing on which kernels of corn grow or a short-legged horse. However, we were certain that our correspondent would never think of our friend in Carmel sailing about with a short-legged horse over her arm, or even a corn cob, which is very difficult to carry over the arm.

But we were quite unprepared for the confusion ensuing. A wire came. It read: Look up 'cob' in your Oxford dictionary. We did.

And here are the things our friend might have been carrying over her arm: 1, a great, big man; 2, a wealthy man; 3, a miser; 4, a male swan; 5, the Miller's Thumb; 6, the stone of a fruit; 7, a testicle; 8, a small stack of hay; 9, a small heap of bread or coal; 10, the head of a red herring; 11, marl mixed with gravel; 12, a black sea-gull; 13, a spider; 14, a Spanish piece of eight; 15, a pier; 16, a blow on the buttocks.

Well, she carries a wicker basket over her arm.

And having been with her one day when she spilled the contents the length of Ocean Avenue, and having helped retrieve said contents, we warmly subscribe to virtually every item in the Oxford dictionary. We don't, to be sure, remember the Miller's Thumb nor the small stack of hay. But we can testify that by the time we got through chasing the last piece of eight down the hill, she had, whether she knew it or not, a neat, if dematerialized blow on the buttocks tucked safely away in her cob.

+

Rolling listlessly down a hill up back of town yesterday, we were attracted by a large white piece of paper nailed up to a tree beside the road. Even as we dismounted, there was a more than vaguely familiar look about it. It was *Clanging Cymbals*. This has us quite puzzled. We aren't at all sure we want to know the meaning of it. But there it is, up here in the woods, where you and all may see. Or where you can go right by and thumb your nose.

+

We really don't know whether or not we are being spoofed, but the leading article in a recent number of "The Junior League" is signed by one Jean Filley.

+

At Swarthmore College they have been making a study of Anger. It seems worth mentioning here, inasmuch as the technique of the thing is absurdly simple and any one of us might make our little contribution to science by trying it out on ourselves. This is how it works. You must always carry with you a notebook and pencil. Then, let us say, you are on your way to the post office one fine evening, when your bitterest enemy comes Burging up the avenue. Now, ordinarily, you would, on the instant of seeing him, feel a rising in you which you could easily identify as Anger, Wrath, Choler, Ire, Huff, Towering Rage, or any nuance you personally feel like feeling. And, ordinarily, you would prepare to take it out in (a) frustrated emotion, which is bad: (b) feckless verbiage, which is useless; (c) blows, which are fine but of no help to science unless you crack his skull.

Right here is where Science steps in and asks you, for the good of the race, or something, to come to her aid. What you do is pull out the notebook and begin making endocrinological notes. "My adrenal glands," you write, "are all wet." Ah, now, your pencil hurries on. You look up at your antagonist, who, presumably, is also thus occupied. "I feel," you scribble hurriedly, "a constriction of the pituitary. My pneumogastric nerves are in a dither. I fear a loose gene somewhere. Why, my dear fellow, you are positively making me brilliant. This will no doubt be read at the next meeting of the A.A.A.S."

Upon which, you throw your arm over his shoulder and, Willard-nillard, you both go Burging up after the mail.

Cozy, what?

+

It is certain, and cannot too often be iterated, that what we make out of our adversities is, finally, our best selves. There is a gentleman over here on San Carlos street who illustrates this truism and to whom we feel like paying a tribute, not out of proportion to what he has done. Mr. Robert F. Gillett.

In the 'teens of this century, when a good bit of the world was in delirium tremens, Mr. Gillett found his business of carpentry slackening up on him. Instead of bending his shoulders to the nasty and useless exercise of fighting the system, he began reading and studying the construction of the violin. As a boy, he had learned to play a little and the mysteries of the sounding board and the greater wonders of the overtones and the upper harmonies had haunted and fascinated him.

Since 1914, he has learned with patience how to make a violin. He has read everything to be had on the subject—which is the only way we have of learning how the Amati brothers and Stradivarius and Maggini and Peregrino went about developing this aristocrat and sophisticate among musical instruments. He has experimented as well as studied. During those years, the war, the depression, the onrush of age, the loss of his cherished wife, have all bent him closer to this task which so many men, in the evening of their years, would feel futile and of no account. And the other night, he placed in our hands, the beautiful blond belly of a copy of a Strad, fashioned with such care, such incredible delicacy, that we could feel communicated to us at once the love and the music altogether.

Mr. Gillett will recite to you with enthusiasm the whole history of the making of violins; the founding of the Brescia School in the fifteenth century, when the violin, of ancient Sanskrit origin, was graduated through the rebec and the viols to its present form: of Gaspar da Salo of the Brescia School and the da Salo instruments, a very few of which are still left to us; of Andreas Amati of Cremona, that humble father of noted sons—Hieronymus and Antonio; and of Nicholas Amati who bent over his thin, sweet pieces of curled maple and sycamore and the close-knit pine from the lower Alps, until he was eighty-eight years old and had trained not only his own sons to master his craft, Guarnerius and Antonio Stradivari.

Stradivarius lived and worked until he was ninety-three years old. There came to our mind, as Mr. Gillett talked, the contrasts and the similarities of setting in which these two violin makers have bent patiently over their purfling. Cremona was founded in 218 B. C. by the Romans, and Virgil went to school there. In the year 69 A. D., Vespasian came down and razed the city and in 603 Agilulf destroyed it again. Even after the bishops had made of Lombardy a seat of wealth and temporal power, the Guelphs and Ghibellines spilt blood along its narrow ways. But when Stradivarius lived and worked there he could look up from his delicate *f*-holes and see the fine Romanesque cathedral across the square, and the Torrazzo Tower soaring up four hundred feet to rest his tired eyes. There was the hot Lombardy sun in which to dry his precious varnishe and the fine quivering air of the lower Alps makes a luminescence not unlike the bright atmosphere at the foot of the Santa Lucias. If Mr. Gillett must, perforce, gaze out at Sunset School, built in the early twentieth century A. D., there are, also, the Palo Corona and the long shadows of Viscaino and the Mission Fathers to lend felicity to eyes no longer young, but not yet old. And as for the Po, Mr. Gillett may have his Pacific.

There seems to be no really explicable reason why the violins made today, with care and the right selection of woods, should not be just as good as those of Stradivarius and Giuseppe Guarnieri del Jesu. Authorities seem in fair agreement that the quality of the varnish and its drying are the largest factors in producing perfect tonal variations and quality. For on the varnishing depends largely the preservation of the elasticity of the wood. Mr. Gillett says the best woods now in use are pine from the Tyrol, and spruce and silver fir. Madagascar ebony often provides the neck.

But it is the infinite care, the lovingness, the patient calibration of every portion of the body—we saw an unfinished back with hundreds of measurements varying from three-eights to three-sixteenths of an inch in thickness—that make this fragile sounding board into something more than a musical instrument. An instrument, indeed for man's aggrandizement as man, an instrument to set the pulse of the world a little steadier, its heart a little honester.

Mr. Gillett is a quiet and modest craftsman and a man with the dignity befitting this place. He wishes to make a few worthy violins before he stops working. At evening he bends over his bench, moving his beautiful, hand-made tools peacefully over the sanded wood, until the light begins to fade. Then he moves out into the dusk, looking down the moonways of the Pacific and remembering those other violin makers on the banks of the Po. Hearing the tone of an already finished instrument of his, it does not seem incredible to us that some day a Menuhin or a Milstein may help to translate this patience and pride of workmanship which animates him into the majesty of human expression of which "this small, sweet thing, devised in love and fashioned cunningly of wood and strings" is so often capable.

—Lynda Sargent

WHAT'S GOING ON IN

The Other Village

A queer assortment of stage play titles is prevalent here at the moment. "Of Mice and Men"; "Brother Rat"; "Bury the Dead", "Blind Alley" and "Dead End" make up a composite picture not altogether pretty.

+

"Idiot's Delight", with Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt, winds up this week with S. R O. houses to its credit for the entire engagement. The next local stage attractions will occur at the Geary Theatre instead of the Curran, and will for the most part be light summer fare.

+

An event of more than local importance last week was the initial production of the Golden Bough Players in the world premiere of Elmer Rice's "There Go I!" The audience's response was hearty and presages a good attendance this week-end.

+

Maxine Cushing is managing several dance courses this summer, all taking place at the Betty Horst studio. They include Gertrude Schurr and May O'Donnell of the Martha Graham Group; Charles Weidman, and John Martin, the noted dance critic on the New York *Times*.

+

The Pine Street Players have announced the discontinuance of their productions and the dissolution of the group. Phil Mathias, who has directed the group, will continue with the Federal Theatre Project.

+

One of the most important collections to be seen in San Francisco for some time is the Francesco Goya exhibition at the Palace of the Legion of Honor. It has been visited by thousands, and Monterey Peninsulans should be advised that it will be on its way elsewhere within the next two weeks.

+

"Carnival in Flanders", the motion picture of the hour, locally, is playing at the Clay International. It is to be hoped that Carmel's Filmarte will run this splendid film, which was announced by the National Board of Review to be "the best picture made anywhere in the world in 1936".

—Adolf Genthe

+ + +

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Jacobinoff, Who Led Festival, Is In Our Midst

Sascha Jacobinoff drove into town last week with four pupils and enthusiasm. The enthusiasm follows Sascha everywhere he goes and the pupils are attracted as bees (with no reference to Mr. Benny) to the honey. Sascha says he has been busy since the last time he was here (last summer), and when he told us what he had been doing we say he's right. He has had 46 pupils and has given several concerts and has played with the Philadelphia Symphony on quite a few occasions. He and another violinist in the orchestra did the Concerto for Double Bass Violin by Bottesini, the first time it has been played in this country.

May Grubgeld and Frank Costanzo have come out with Sascha again this year and also two other pupils, Helen Cornfeld and Henrietta Solbelman. The five of them stopped in Los Angeles before they arrived in Carmel and saw Olga Steeb and Henri Deering and just about every one of the musical world. Miss Steeb and Sascha will play together for this year's Bach Festival. We just got the news yesterday after having gone around biting our fingernails and hoping ever since he came. So far they have not chosen the particular piano and violin sonata they will play but we know it will be grand music.

Just the same, it's swell having this little dynamo around and he wanted us to tell all his old girl friends from the ages of 2 to 200 that he is still as handsome as ever . . . more so, we say, and now may we come up to the Cator studio and listen to you play sometime, please?

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GARDEN CLUB EXHIBIT HAPPENS TOMORROW

The third annual exhibit of the Monterey Peninsula Garden Club, which opens today at Pacific and Franklin streets in Monterey, is one of the major attractions on the Peninsula this week-end. The exhibit will last over tomorrow and Sunday and efforts have been made to turn the large building into a veritable forest of trees and greens as a background for flowers from home and nursery gardens all over the county. The show committee promises a great treat in store for all who attend the exhibit. Don't miss it.

Mrs. F. L. Knudsen and Mrs. C. S. Balzarini have arranged a beautiful setting and pool for their exhibit, with tall iris in shades of lavendar and purple.

Mrs. William C. Bogen of the Monterey Peninsula Country Club wil be in charge of a room entirely devoted to roses.

Others who wil exhibit will be Mrs. Frances Elkins, Mrs. T. H. Scholer, Mrs. Stuart Haldorn, Myron Oliver, F. A. Ingalls, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Baxter. E. L. Rubel is showing walls of Carmel stone in which are growing a wide variety of rock plants. Allen Griffin will send a choice selection of pink hydrangeas. Information about the Flower Show mey be had by calling Miss Anne Grant of Hatton Fields.

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Nancy Cocke and Carl von Saltza who will become Mr. and Mrs. late in June, were honor guests at a buffet luncheon and barbecue given by Audrey Martin at the home of Mrs. Jane Calkins in Pebble Beach last Sunday. Partaking of the sizzling fare were Charlotte Lawrence, Ace Sykes, Mr. and Mrs. Palmer Beaudette, Doris Dale, Tommy Hooper, Gordon Campbell and Lieutenant Bob Ferguson.

"Index of American Design", Federal Gallery Offering, Surpassingly Fine Display of Art, Beckons to You

Please don't miss the show which is hanging on the walls of the Federal Art Gallery in the Seven Arts Court this week and next.

That is a plea from the heart, and we don't care what your interests may be. The exhibit is made up of drawings and watercolors by the Index of American Design, a group under the Federal Art Project, organized to preserve for use and posterity the artifacts of the past years in this country. That purpose should be enough to entice you. The selection is excellent, but the workmanship is so fine that your fingers start to itch as soon as you enter the place. It seems almost impossible that the texture of cloth and even old glass should be so reproduced that even after a careful inspection you can hardly believe that they are merely painted copies.

Look at the Homespun coverlet, drawn by Ruth Barnes, with the paint actually raised to look like weaving—we could have sworn that she wove the paint. And the embroidered apron, dated about 1855, by David Willoughby. Mr. Willoughby didn't embroider that apron himself, but he so very nearly did it that even now we are not sure. A parasol used while driving in 1888 and drawn by Ellen Duncan, and a student lamp with a double light, dated 1800, which almost seems to light the corner of the room where it is hung, are two of the many attractions.

A great many of the paintings are done by workers in San Francisco, but Monterey and the Carmel Art Project have some of the finest representations there. The work of Tulita Westfall is particularly fine and George Seideneck and Cecily Edwards must have put their eyes out doing their copies. One of the loveliest pieces of jewelry is a jet and gold cross, owned by Mrs. Sarah Hartnell, and created by Jose Banales in 1865. The exquisite drawing is by Mrs. Westfall. Another lovely piece, drawn by the same artist, is a pearl and gold grapeleaf pin, owned by Mrs Maria Antonia Thompson, and originally made by Celestino Trujillo, the pearls having been brought from Mexico by General Manuel Castro.

Perhaps the most triumphant and historical piece in the whole exhibit is the silver crown of the Holy Ghost which is drawn from an accurate copy of the original crown brought from Portugal. The crown is dedicated to St. Isabella, who was noted for her kindness to birds and beasts, and carries on the top of the cross a delicately moulded bird which is supposed to have alighted on her head when she was in the field one day. Trujillo made the copy after the original was burned and received the sum of $50 for his work. The crown, which was used in the annual Feast of the Holy Ghost, is now in the possession of a Portuguese family in Monterey. According to the early tradition it and a scepter are carried in a yearly procession, which in the old country was both religious and secular, but in this country only religious and is kept in the home of one of the member of the colony for the remainder of the year.

Besides the drawings we have spoken of there are small toys represented and a fine collection of old dolls, all named and obviously part of a large family collection.

—Virginia Scardigli

Dr. Janet Mc Govern, Anthropologist Extraordinary, Is Carmel Visitor

Dr. Janet B. McGovern, anthropologist, world traveler, artist, author and seeker of scientific truth, walked into the Federal Art Gallery day before yesterday while we were looking at the exhibit and in the course of her conversation dropped one word which made us turn like a hawk and track her down, so that finally Amelie Waldo had to leave the two of us there talking and ask us to turn out the lights for her.

The word was "anthropology" and we're sorry, we have been kidded about it ever since we came to Carmel two years ago and our editor told in his columns that one "was but never is, an anthropologist". We almost dragged Dr. McGovern to the editorial lair to prove him wrong.

Dr. McGovern came here to see if there was anything interesting. She has already found it. Cave paintings by Indians up Tassajara way, and by this time she will have made arrangements for a pack trip to go up and investigate. She has lived in Siberia, China, Japan, the South Seas, took a house in Salzburg for a week and stayed four years, and can call most any part of the globe home. She received her doctor's degree from Oxford University and her son, who is on the faculty of Northwestern and the University of Chicago, is also an Oxford man. He is in the Political Science Department of both colleges and she has just seen him off to China where he has gone to study the economic and political situation. Dr. McGovern was a bit worried about him going into the country but, of course, for herself, she has hobnobbed with headhunters and been in pretty tough situations, and thinks nothing of it. Among the books she has written are: "Among the Headhunters of Formosa", "Among the Peoples of Two Worlds", and "Taiwan", which is about Japan and Japanese culture.

Dr. McGovern has been in New Mexico on an Indian investigation and has been able to get in with the Navajos and other tribes through friends and her own charming manner. Most recently she comes from old Mexico which she visited with her son before he left the country.

We personally hope that Dr. Mc.Govern will find many things to interest her in this part of the country. We have been excited and happy in meeting her. —V. S.

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RUTH AUSTIN HEARS MARTIN LECTURE ON DANCE

Mrs. Byington Ruth Austin Ford returned from Los Angeles last Monday after two weeks there seeing her daughter, Roe Marie Mattimore, off to the East to visit her grandmother. After being at home only a day, Ruth (we'll just drop all this other stuff) went up to San Francisco to hear John Martin, noted dance critic, lecture at the Betty Horst Studio on "America Dancing", which, by the way, is the title of his most recent book on the dance. The lecture was an outstanding event to those who are in the modern dance world and was illustrated with slides of Martha Graham, Doris Humphrey and Charles Weideman's work. A program by 16 different dance groups was given in honor of Martin last Tuesday evening.

Mills College To Start Institute Next Tuesday

The Institute of International Relations will be held at Mills College June 22 to July 2. The Institute, which is open to all men and women who are interested in the topic, draws most of its membership from educators, ministers, students and women's organizations. The purpose of the meetings is "to encourage the study of world affairs and promote the cause of peace through creating a better understanding of the domestic and international problems which endanger it".

The session will be made up of lecture courses, round table discussions with competent and brilliant leaders, evening meetings and various social and recreational activities. The latter will be in the minority, however, since the time will be well taken care of by more serious matters.

The Mills College Institute will be held simultaneously with meetings in Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, North Carolina, Tennessee, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Oregon, and southern California. There will be two radio broadcasts for those unable to attend the session. Dr. Leyton Richards will speak on KROW at 8 o'clock in the evening of June 27 and Dr. J. Anton de Haas will speak at the Commonwealth luncheon July 2.

Information concerning the Institute may be had by writing Joseph Conrad, Mills College, Oakland.

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MRS. RUTH HANFORD LEWIS TO TEACH VOICE HERE

We'll bet that if you asked her right off the bat what are the dates of both Johann Sebastian and his brother she could answer . . just like that. Because, besides being an accomplished concert artist, a mezzo-soprano and a pianist, Mrs. Ruth Hanford Matthews Lewis is a teacher of the history of music. She also teaches singing and piano and foreign language diction for singers.

Mrs. Lewis was formerly a member of the faculty of the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music. There she gave lecture-recitals on the history of music and of opera. She has given master classes to voice and piano teachers and has directed choirs and glee clubs. She not only played five festival masses at St. Albans in West Virginia but she also sang all the solo parts. Perhaps one of the most amazing feats was the training and directing of a Japanese opera and musical entertainment and a ten-piece professional orchestra at Fitchburg, Massachusetts, for the benefit of the Girls' Friendly Society. The society cleared $500 from the program.

Mrs. Lewis came to Carmel from San Jose where she engaged in teaching, and she has now opened her studio here. She firmly believes that a more pleasing personality may be attained by voice training and we are inclined to agree with her. A well-modulated voice may not have anything to do with singing an opera but it might help you crash the gate to hear someone else sing.

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Carl Van Atta is back in Carmel for the summer, having attained the position of a high and mighty sophomore at Martin Junior College for next year.

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Dick Bare Says This About His 'Elephant Boy'

If you haven't ever come in direct contact with the way a press agent works, let us give you an example herewith. It's the little note Dick Bare, Filmarte manager, left with us. We think it's pretty good. It's about "Elephant Boy". Read it, and give Dick the palm for frankness and confidence in his own little line of life.

Produced by Alexander Korda, genius of the "cinay-mah" who turned out such flickers as "Henry VIII", "Rembrandt" and "Fire Over England" all smash hits.

Directed by Robert Flaherty (unsurpassed in cinema-prowess not even by Alex himself) who spent two years in India making Elephant Boy. He is the man who made "Man of Aran", "Nanook of the North", "Tabu" and "Moana of the South Seas".

This combination should speak for itself.

Plays the Filmarte five days, this Thursday through Monday.

Is the Northern California Premiere, four weeks before the opening at United Artists at San Francisco, and the second showing in the state.

New York reviews all showed unanimous approval and the splurge in LIFE certainly spoke for itself.

When you print the story Friday, the picture will have had its premiere performance, and all the first nighters will have left the theatre with jubilant enthusiasm. (See for yourself).

Really, Mr. Bassett, the picture is a grand show, and pursuant to our policy of never raving when we have only mediocre films (which sometimes even we must show) we feel like shouting to the sky on this one, and trust that our enthusiasm is transferred to you people of The Cymbal.

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HERE'S A THRIFT NOTE OFFERED BY SLEVIN

Rummaging through an office desk that has been in the family since some time before Henry VIII, Louis Slevin, of whom there is mention elsewhere in this issue, discovered a perfectly good, though weatherbeaten, but unused, addressed envelope. He recognized the handwriting as that of his father. The envelope was addressed to his father's sister, Louis' aunt, Mrs. J. F. Leary, at No. 139 East 63d Street, New York. Louis pondered that unused envelope. He pondered that although his aunt is dead, his cousins, her daughters, Anna and Louise, are still living at that address. He occasionally corresponds with them. He is saving this envelope, addressed some forty-odd years ago. He's going to use it. Just change the "Mrs. J. F." to other initiaus—when he is next moved to write to his cousins. As Louis says, "An envelope is an envelope," and when it is already addressed, you save not only envelope—concrete, but time—abstract.

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DORA HAGEMEYER'S BROTHER COMES TO LIVE HERE

Anysley Chapple, the youngest brother of Mrs. Hurd Comstock (Dora Hagemeyer) and Mrs. George Whitcomb, arrived in Carmel this week from New Zealand, the family home. This is the first visit he has made to California since he was five years old. Mrs. Whitcomb had not seen him for 20 years but Mrs. Comstock visited the family home in New Zealand two years ago. Young Chapple expects to remain in the United States and will probably continue his piano studies in Carmel.

St. James Repertory Company Plans To Stage Summer Plays in Carmel

Well now, you people, stop all the shouting. We are going to have some drama in Carmel this summer, after all. A group of professionals known as the St. James Repertory Company has leased the Green Room on Casanova street and hopes to be able to open the week-end of July 3.

The St. James Repertory is a co-operative group, most of the members being part of the Globe Theater Company which was organized in 1934 at the World's Fair in Chicago. Playing Shakespearean drama exclusively, the Globe group was also at the San Diego Fair and made a tour of the Pacific Coast with a good-sized San Francisco engagement.

Both Robert Galbraith and George Bolton, members of the cast who came over to the office to see us, wanted it strictly understood that they were not "Shakespearean actors" with flowing capes and high histrionics, but that the group acted in Shakespearean plays. We say what they meant and hope you get the point, too. Under no circumstances will they play Shakespeare in Carmel, even if you get down on your knees and beg.

After playing 44 performances a week (you'll have to ask them when they ate or slept) and rehearsing all the time for new or old plays, all by our friend Bill, they are through with Shakespeare. They think he is still a pretty good playwright, but we had the feeling they wanted to jump right into "What Price Glory" or some such hard-boiled American slang epic. However, they are wisely taking it by degrees and have on their tentative list for this summer, "Russet Mantle", "Kind Lady" and something by Ibsen and Strindberg. A further choice of plays will be determined by what Carmel wants to see. The line forms to the right.

One experimental stage arrangement which they will spring on Carmel is taken from Glenn Hughes' Pent House Theater in Seattle. There, the players act in the middle of the floor and the audience is grouped on three sides. Not unusual for Carmel, we add, with most of the audiences hovering in the wings for local productions.

The players did Shakespeare in Elizabethan costume on a stage which they carried around with them—a model of the Globe Theater from which they took their stock name. Right here and now we want to show great restraint in announcing, without comment, that the director, who will also take part in several of the plays, is named Charles McCarthy. McCarthy has been with Eva Le Gallienne's company and with Walter Hampden, as well as the Globe group. Others in the company include Kendall Power, Peter Lundberg, Ellen Lowe, Fay Emerson, Jack B. Nestle (sound the t), Mary Jackson and, of course, Robert Galbraith and George Bolton.

FRED AND CLARA LEIDIG DOING THINGS IN GREEN

Now look what Fred and Clara are doing!

The color scheme is green—green stuccoed walls, a mild green, and green pavement, a decided green. There are some people who are rising up in arms, but they are the rising-up-in-arms variety of *homo sapiens*. There are more who look, blink a bit, and then nod approval.

But green or no green, the whole improvement is a whole improvement on what was. The old building may have been picturesque, but when you have said that, you are through.

Guy Koepp, the architect of the new building, says tenants should be able to move in next week.

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COMSTOCK BUILDING HOUSE ALL ONES AND FIVES

With our chin resting on Birney Adams' new bar—pardon us, counter—we managed to copy a couple of new building permits, which bring the total for the month of June up to $18,955.15. That last 15 cents goes in the $11,555.15 house which H. Comstock is building for Samuel Hopkins at Santa Lucia and Camino Real. It will be a one-story frame adobe affair and the 15 cents will go for some extra mud to throw at the first guy who makes any crack about melting away in the winter rains.

The other permit goes to N. Reynolds for a one story frame and rustic cottage which J. Williams will build for him on Dolores and Eleventh streets at a cost of $3,400.

RADIO TECHNICIAN DOES THINGS TO THEM

Pol Verbeke, who recently came to the Monterey Peninsula from Hollywood and is now connected with Lial's Music Shop, is a master radio mechanic. Mechanic is a rather small word for the things Verbeke can do to a radio and when it comes to building a complete set he is tops. We have heard two different radio and phonograph combinations which he has built for friends and we have never experienced any thrill so great as listening to the symphonies or great recorded music on his machines. Dick Albee had the first one here and then Verbeke built one for John and Carol Steinbeck. Mary Bulkeley had him rebuild her set and now claims she hears things from her records that she never had before.

Verbeke has been working with various sound companies in Hollywood, and he built the first Ballyhoo Wagon in 1931, touring the country with it. He is considered one of the finest technicians in the radio field.

Building Code Gets Over Hurdle

The building code, which was to have slithered into the statutes of the city with the impetuosity of greased lightning, but which bumped its head and staggered back several times, made the first hurdle at last Wednesday night's meeting of the council when it was passed on first reading as is, which means as in book form and adopted by other cities.

But before the next reading and final passage which is scheduled for June 30, there are to be several insert changes in the thing. There is where the rub will probably come. There is just as much of a possible slip between the first reading and final passage of this building code ordinance, as there is between the traditional cup and lip.

For instance, the private garage requirement must be changed to three cars, the second fire zone must become the first, business buildings must be limited to three stories, and board and batten houses must be provided for.

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John Howell of San Francisco, who will be the bass-baritone soloist for the Third Annual Bach Festival in Carmel this summer, is giving a recital tomorrow afternoon in Los Gatos to which many Carmel people will journey. The concert will be at 3 o'clock at "Cathedral Oaks", the home of Frank Ingerson and George Dennis. Howell is well known in the bay region for his musicianship.

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POET & PEASANT

by FRANCIS L. LLOYD

Ghostly sails moved swiftly into the blustery night. The tide was ebbing in dark swirls. Point Bonita blinked its sleepy eye. All was silence, but, had there been fog, Point Bonita would have let go her awful blast, the blood-chilling diaphone of warning. But all was quiet, except for the swirls of wind out of the northwest. Only the lash of waves against Land's End. Only the voices of sailors in the dark. Silence in the void of black waters and stars.

This was the scene as the annual race from San Francisco to the Farallones and back started around midnight Saturday. During Sunday morning and noon the white wings danced in through the Golden Gate, returning with the tide; little *Dorade*, trim champion of them all, slipping swiftly inward past the Heads, home in record time.

Here, as in the trans-Atlantic races of other years, the Santa Barbara-to-Honolulu race, which, incidentally, *Dorade* won last year, and the Fastnet race, is the cold, hard sailing that gives the sport of yachting all the laurels that I, in my humble opinion, think any sport deserves.

This is the real thing. Its very essence is efficiency, of which patience is a part; fearlessness, of which care is a part. And all as the little sailships go a-dancing out past the Heads, dodging the wicked Potato Patch, pushing through the narrow channels of the 'Frisco bar.

All the year around small boats go plunging out through the swells of the bar, threading the tide rips by night, and no one tells their tales. It is business with them but then, too, this yachting is business with the sailors who man the sleek windjammers.

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No more, perhaps, to drive out through the Golden Gate in the slowest packet that ever followed the tides, is Hilary Belloc, who has deserted the coast, put his boat up for sale, and gone East, perhaps in search of new ventures. Belloc was a frequent visitor in Carmel during the past four or five years. He bought a clipper-bowed boat and went market fishing for the big bar crabs, and salmon at Point Reyes and Bodega. Fishing to him meant also a fisherman's beard, and so he blossomed out with a flaming chin-banner, reminiscent of that Rem wore in Carmel now almost a decade ago. Even the beard is gone with the boat, and Belloc can be added to the long list of geniuses who make New York City their unhappy home. Perhaps next trip he will come by way of the Horn.

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This week it was this columnist's pleasure and privilege to go visiting babies. Girl babies at that. First there was the little girl born to Frances Wright Lewis, at Millbrae. Then there was the infant of Mrs. Webb Haymaker, several summers a visitor in Carmel as Dr. Evelyn Anderson. Third and last was Erin Abigail Bosworth Black, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Henry Black, nee Eleanore Bosworth, formerly of Carmel. It was quite a baby show, with three prizes equally divided, and so far the writer has survived the ordeal.

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Look out, Point Sur and all the magnificent coastline southward of Carmel. There's plenty of fine coast northward of Monterey to be opened up in the next few years by the continuation of the coast road. The Monterey Peninsula embarrasses counterfeit, but the general coast can be equalled in other spots. Besides that, the Santa Cruz mountains now boast a real cattle rustling episode. So far one range rider has been shot, another threatened, lots of cattle lost, and an arrest made.

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Elaine Lawson was a visitor in Carmel recently. She will be remembered as the talented pupil of David Alberto, one whom Dave classed above all other students he had ever had in ability. She has been taking a music course at Curtis Institute, Philadelphia, and has grown both in beauty and musical knowledge. Some day she may astound the critics.

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The old Carnegie Coastal Laboratories are enjoying something of a revival these days. Dr. Daniel T. MacDougal and Harry Aucourt are the two faithfuls who have been at the "lab" year in and year out since about 1910. Now the group grows again with Drs. Bob Emerson and Marston Sargent up from Pasadena. Professor Lloyd, one of the early group who came to the coast lab from Tucson, Arizona, has been working there since early spring.

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Carmel has two virtual native sons and certainly faithful old-timers in Santa Cruz, strangely enough both recently appointed to positions in the same office. They are Carey Guichard and the writer, who came here independently to work for the Santa Cruz *Evening News*. Guichard is in the business office, the writer is sports editor.

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"I came not to praise Caesar," the biographers might write while on the subject of Rockefeller. "The evil men do lives after them." For once, at least, the newspapers have not bowed down to a deceased great, but have brought up again all that history of oil, one of the black histories of our country. Had the newspapers united in a crusade during the last century against the power of wealth, we might not have today some of the evils which have persisted, and are going to persist by reason of the will of the people being expressed by the politician.

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This is a year of plenty, for the coast country. More abundant rain than for many seasons, from San Francisco to San Diego, and probably the cold winter, too, can be credited with accounting for the abundance of fine fruit, the lush growth of vegetables and hay (cow's vegeables), and the beauty of wild flowers which even now cover the hills. In the north, the rain, which so vigorously wetted the coast below San Francisco, was scarcer than usual, but probably was more than sufficient in that ordinarily wet country.

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Gordie Campbell and Bill "Smoke" Heron became moving men for the day last Sunday. They helped Jimmy Hopper (junior) move from right next door the University of California to the County Hospital in San Francisco. The writer, too, helped a little with the moving, but also delayed it a little by staying in the about-to-be-demolished Hopper home over night.

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DOG DAYS— AND NIGHTS

Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

Poochie Deetjen is a tragic figure. He has had such unfortunate matrimonial adventures. His master bought him a little wife last year and Poochie decided to give up Don Juaning and settle down to a life of domesticity and many progeny—but his wife died. Having recovered from his grief, recently had the domestic urge again, so his master got him another wife. Much to the consternation of both Poochie and his master, the day before the wedding the bride-to-be presented them with four little puppies—ancestry unknown. But Poochie has magnanimously adopted these souvenirs of indiscretion.

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That lonesome looking Schnauzer seen about the village is Monte Hudgins, whose master and mistress, Captain and Mrs. Pat Hudgins, are touring Europe. Herr Hudgins rolls his brown eyes and says he wishes he were with them so that he could visit his little German Schnauzer cousins. But most of Monte's sad-faced loneliness is just a pose so that he will be allowed to sleep on the living room couch. (It usually works, too.)

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The cries and howls that startled Ocean avenue out of its habitual June quiet several mornings ago were merely the joyous salutations of Domino Yates who had just returned from a short stay in the hospital. Domino wouldn't admit whether it was an attack of indigestion or a pretty nurse that took him there.

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Our editor, W. K. B., acquired a summer visitor this week—a husky one (not a Husky but a Malamute, there is a difference). His name is Brutus and he belongs to Mrs. Ruth Pennell, and before that to Professor Lawson of the University of California who gave him a fine education. The typical Malamute is able "to run at a rate of twenty miles an hour and carry a weight of forty pounds", so Brutus will be able to help deliver CYMBALS. The Malamute is also quite a fighter.

COURT ARNE WALKS ACROSS THAT BRIDGE: NOW HOLDS SOME SORT OF RECORD

Now, take us firmly by the hand and cross Ocean avenue, from Louis Slevin's place, and we come to none other than Court Arne.

Court Arne shaves people at Paul Mercurio's hair-growing salon. He cuts people's hair, also. He was cutting hair when we accosted him on the just recent sunny Wednesday. He was ripe for an interview. As a rule it's hard to get Court to talk. He's about the most reticent bird we know, almost as reticent as a press agent for a movie star. And when he talks, he sticks to the truth just about as religiously as aforenoted press agent.

This past sunny Wednesday we managed to drag from him (stopping him at rare intervals long enough to make notes) that he had walked across the Golden Gate Bridge. In case you don't know, that's a span recently completed at great expense, extending from the San Francisco side of the Golden Gate, just north of here, to the Marin County side. Quite an engineering feat, we have been told, we have been told, in fact, for three weeks steady, with as many as two photographs, in our *San Francisco Chronicle*.

Court says he walked across it the other evening when the sun was setting in the west and the moon rising in the east. He murmured something about "standing on the bridge at midnight", but that was too very odd, you know, because the sun was shining bright. Then he said he came back and drove across it.

As far as we can learn by a careful survey, Court Arne is the first Carmel barber to have walked across and driven across the Golden Gate bridge to date.

He was up in San Francisco visiting his daughter, Evelyn, a certain Mrs. Frisbie, by marriage, at the time this happened. We haven't learned what she thinks about the whole affair.

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Mrs. Webster Street and daughters, Nancy, Margery and Mary, are spending the summer at Fallen Leaf Lodge on Lake Tahoe.

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Inez Mercurio, whose husband is Paul, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Art Hiserman, in Gonzales, for two weeks.

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Virginia Puts Her Typewriter Finger On Recreational Needs for Carmel

A joint meeting of the recreation staffs of Pacific Grove, Monterey and Carmel was held at the WPA Recreation Center, known as Harper's Gymnasium, Monday morning. There were about 30 WPA recreational directors present, one from Carmel. That one was George Seideneck, who has just recently been appointed supervisor for Carmel. There is room for expansion here. One person only cannot handle the recreational needs of our young people. We should have at least 10 on our staff, though Monterey has 18 and Pacific Grove 15.

The WPA does not just give out jobs to people who have none. The government stands in the position of employer to people who have work to do and a job that needs to be done. The nature of the work is such that few private entrepreneurs would take over the rsponsibilities. With this in mind, we went to see the recerational work being done in Monterey and Pacific Grove, our sister cities. It has enabled us to see the Carmel situation more clearly. A like effort on the part of the people of Carmel would facilitate their taking advantage of the opportunity offered by the government.

At Forest Hills playground the other morning we talked to several of the directors and children who were anxiously awaiting a major girls' basketball game which was to come off in about a half hour. We couldn't wait for the game, but we found out that there are about 100 children from pre-school to around 14 and 15 years old that turn up every day. That's just 100 to play play baseball and football and other organized games and keep off the streets. And there is boxing and wrestling under a trained man who can really teach these youngsters to build up their muscles. Swimming at the Grove pool is under the supervision of another WPA recreation man and there are classes in wood-carving, airplane and glider model construction and cartooning among others.

At the Harper Gymnasium in Monterey early in the morning we met three small children, who were waiting for a director to take them on a wiener roast on the beach with a bunch of others. "Nurse maids", you think. Not at all. Just inside the hall is a real boxing ring and a punching bag and they have a ball "that hits you in the stomach".

This is real recreation. The children are doing the same thing they would do by themselves. One of the leaders in Pacific Grove told us that they never try to boss the youngsters, but "let them think they are doing it all themselves and help them out when they want an older hand for a referee or umpire or just to show them something new to do with their hands and minds".

Now for Carmel. There has been a WPA man at Sunset School for after-school baseball and other games, but only in a part-time capacity. Soon the tennis courts will be completed and most of Carmel is agreeable to having an instructor or, rather, director in charge there.

But Carmel has another center of attraction and we don't mean the beach, because both the WPA and the city want to keep their hands off there. The Forest Theater is now a city park. George Seideneck would like to get some men with no cost to the city, to spend about two weeks to clean up the grounds, make a new fence, go over the property carefully for safety precautions and turn it into a working, living part of Carmel's playground system. A place where mothers could leave their children under adequate supervision, keeping in mind that the theater is one of Carmel's beauty pots and providing a place to go in the afternoon with a book to read or just to rest; perhaps stories for the younger children when they are tired of play. Organized games and dances on the stage. The WPA dances at the Harper Gymnasium have proved to be extremely popular gatherings for both old and young alike.

Walter Gottlund, County Supervisor of WPA recreational projects, would like to see activities started, of both muscle-building and mental-developing scope. The place is here, the city supervisor is here, and a good one, and now is the time. Carmel parents should, and we are sure do, welcome this opportunity.

V. S.

+ + +

MARGARET FITCH WEDS DONALD NEWPORT TOMORROW

Mr. and Mrs. John Lewis Fitch of Carmel Woods are entertaining their daughter, Margaret, who has returned from the East where she has been on the faculty of Wellesley College. Margaret will become Mrs. Donald LeRoy Newport tomorrow, June 19, at a service in St. John's Chapel at Del Monte. The propective bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Newport of Hanford. The couple will live in Alameda where Newport is connected with the engineering department of Pan-American Airways. Mrs. Newport-to-be will be on the staff of Mills College next fall in the physical education department. Mrs. LeRoy Newport and Mrs. Hugo Buckner of Hanford are to be honor guests at a tea given for Miss Fitch by her mother this afternoon from 3 to 6 o'clock at the Fitch home on Camino Del Monte in Carmel Woods.

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MATIE COPPUCK GETS US STIRRED UP ON TROUT

Matie Coppuck was in what we would call a swimp. She babbled about swimming in snow; about great fishes and little worms; about Tahoe in June. To get it as nearly straight as possible, she was visiting the Gordon Hesses and went in swimming and just as she had hooked in—with a worm, indeed—a seVEN pound trout, it began to snow. And there she was, paddling along, breast stroke, with the docile old *truht* in tow, and the water all freezing around her. And then god sent the sun over Tahoe and everything was okeedoke. And we love charming ladies who tell fish stories.

WOMAN BOND SELLER LIKES CARMEL: WILL STAY

Ruth O. Huestis holds a unique position in the world of finance. She is one of the very few women engaged in selling stocks and bonds and investments. There are perhaps six or seven women doing this in the United States. Miss Huestis however, is far from just a stock and bond salesman. She started out doing illustrations for textbooks on surgery, watching many operations during the course of her work. Then she went into the advertising business and when the war broke out that all went to pot.

A shrewd sense of human reactions and values led Miss Huestis into the field of investments and she has been a salesman and advisor ever since.

Three weeks ago Miss Huestis drove out from Boston to Carmel with her dog "Lucky", and we will tell you of that remarkable trip some other time. She liked the people and city of Carmel so well that now she is here to stay. In fact, the place has gotten her to such an extent that she has not only done several oil paintings on our lovely beach, but she has burst out into poetry to express her happiness. Poetry and bonds don't often mix, but they seem all to fit together in the person of Ruth Huestis.

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STOVEPIPE GANG HOLDS REGULAR FLOOR SESSION

Stovepipe Hall steamed forth the delicious odor of clam chowder, hamburgs and all the things that go with, last Friday night. The gang gathered on the floor and seats taken out of various autos (all in the group, we hope). The collection of artists and their spouses included Bruce and Jean Aries and young Bruce III, who stole the show for a while; Lynda Sargent, Janie and Clay Otto, Ethel Warren, Amelie Waldo, Henry Dickinson, Adelaide Howard, Bill Kneass, Harry and Suzanne Hedger, George and Catherine Seideneck, Lee Chapin, of the Stanford faculty, and Sydney Head of Stanford, Eric Coster, Andy Harris, Wolo, and Remo and Virginia Scardigli.

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MRS. MARKHAM JOHNSTON HEADS AUXILIARY OF LEGION

Mrs. Markham Johnston was elected president of the Women's Auxiliary of the Carmel Post of the American Legion at its regular meeting last week. After a fitting and reverend tribute to the memory of Catherine Whitney the meeting proceeded to the election of officers for the coming year. It was decided to contribute $10 to the Red Cross Ambulance Fund.

Other officers elected are: First vice-president, Mrs. William Bensburg; second vice-president, Mrs. E. H. Ewig; secretary, Mrs. Ray Norton; chaplain, Mrs. Ed Maddox; sergeant-at-arms, Mrs. Lee E. Gottfried; historian, Mrs. C. G. Lawrence, and an executive board composed of Mrs. Jack Schroeder, Mrs. Rush Wallace and Mrs. Fred McIndoe.

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OPPORTUNITY for unimproved Pebble Beach property. Good-sized parcel. Beautiful view. Ten minutes from Carmel Post Office. Reduced to $1850 for quick sale. GLADYS R. JOHNSTON, Realtor, Ocean and Lincoln.

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MANUSCRIPT TYPING work wanted. Ruth Holmes. P. O. Box 1171. Tel. 654-J.

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PURSE FOUND. Containing money. On Twelfth street, near Carmelo. Owner may have same by identifying property and paying for this ad. Telephone 702.

DOGS

DOG LICENSES MAY BE PAID at the Tax Collector's Office, City Hall, Carmel. 25

MISCELLANEOUS

PIANO WANTED—Small square, with walnut base. Telephone before 8 a. m. Carmel 906.

BRIDGE LESSONS. Culbertson system. Make appointment by telephoning Carmel 1165. Marion Karr.

THE CYMBAL'S CLASSIFIED ADS today contain just the bargain you are interested in.

ERNST BACON DROPS IN WITH HIS BRIDE

Ernst Bacon, well known in Carmel as a concert pianist and director of the First Annual Bach Festival, dropped into town last Sunday on his way south, with his bride, the former Analee Camp, cellist. Mrs. Bacon is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur L. Camp of Mountain View. The wedding, late Saturday afternoon, took place at the bride's home and was attended by just a few intimate friends and members of the family.

Mrs. Bacon was first cellist in the Federal Symphony Orchestra of which Bacon was conductor until recently. She is a graduate of Mills College Music Department and is well known in the bay region for her solo and quartet work.

There is a possibility that Bacon and his wife will go to New York to continue their musical careers.

+ + +

GROVE STAGES OPEN-HOUSE CELEBRATION JUNE 26

Just to remind you that our neighbors over the hill in Pacific Grove have something to offer besides churches and a swimming pool, the annual open house celebration will be June 26. The part of the celebration which we enjoyed most of all last year and at which we would urge you to be present, is the Parade of the Lanterns in the evening. With all the lights turned out on the beach, where grandstands are constructed, you sit and watch for a tiny light to come around Point Joe, and the Marine Station. One light after another comes into view and before your eyes is a parade of boats with artistically-draped lights and colorful fireworks to delight the young ones and the old ones. It's a rather thrilling sight and well worth an evening's absence from the night life of Carmel.

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BARBARA WOOD STARTS CHILD'S STORY HOUR TOMORROW

Barbara Wood will conduct a Story Hour for children at the Carmel Library during the vacation months. The Story Hour will be every Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock and will give parents a chance to do their last minute week-end shopping as well as provide entertainment for chidren, from the toddlers up to about eight-year-olds. An hour's rest from strenuous play in the afternoon and good stories, well told, are offered by the library.

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Mr. and Mrs. Austin James and Mrs. James' daughter, Beth Houghton, are in Carmel for the summer. Austin is a sculptor and, as he puts it, they haven't been doing much of anything and therefore can report themelves as very happy. Beth is a Kappa Kappa Gamma at U. C. L. A. and Mrs. James is writing for magazine publication.

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Personalities & Personals

Ailyn Enos, who had a dress-making shop in Carmel a year ago and has since returned to her home in Hollister, is in town visiting her many friends here.

+

Virginia Dutcher is staying with her parents in Santa Monica for the summer.

+

Jacqueline Flanders was married to Lieutenant William Whitfield Culp at Stanford Chapel last Wednesday afternoon. The ceremony was the climax of many weeks of preparations and entertainments for the popular couple. Mrs. Culp was given in marriage by her uncle, Paul Flanders, of Outland, and the wedding party was made up of close friends of the bride and a group of Culp's fellow officers.

+

Charles Boyer, screen star, who most recently has thrilled many many hearts with his interpretation of the young monk in "The Garden of Allah", is staying a few days at Del Monte Lodge, resting between pictures.

+

Mr. and Mrs. Carter Galt came all the way from Honolulu to play golf at the Pebble Beach and Cypress Point courses. They are staying at the Lodge.

+

Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Buckley are making an extended visit at Del Monte Lodge due to the hotel strike in San Francisco. Their home in the city is at the Fairmont Hotel but they do not feel adept at runing elevators.

+

Mr. and Mr. Paul Winslow went up to San Francisco last night to see the Lunts cavort on the stage. They stayed over night in Burlingame because of the strike and will be home this evening.

+

Mrs .Jean M. Gordon, resident of Carmel for the past 20 years, died at her home on Fourth and Dolores early Tuesday morning. Mrs. Gordon was a native of England, but has lived in this country since 1880. She was 77 years old and leaves one son, Donald H. Gordon, in Beverly Hill.

+

Wolo has been spending a lot of time down the coast doing sketches of the Carmel-San Simeon Highway for *Game and Gossip*. Perhaps he had to stay away from Eric Coster's for a few days after the sweet cartoon of Eric in the arms of Morpheus published in the *Herald*. Anyway Wolo was staying with Snap Nelson at Pfeiffer's the first part of the week.

+

Mr. and Mrs. David Tolerton of Los Gatos are staying at their summer home at Big Sur.

+

Ronald Soucey, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Soucey, of Carmel, received all A's for the last two semesters at the Univerity of California and has been given the Arthur Arlett Memorial Scholarship for next year, which will be his last at college.

Ronald was graduated from Sunset School and from Monterey Union High School and is majoring in history at Berkeley.

+

Mrs. Adolph Morbio and Ronald Telfer were guests of Commander and Mrs. Martin Peterson last week-end. Mrs. Morbio, who lives in Berkeley, was known on the stage as Lucile Culver. Telfer is director of a drama school in the Fairmont Hotel in San Francisco and has produced and acted in several productions in Carmel, the most recent being Katherine Peterson's "Modern Daze".

+

The young people of All Saints' Church in Carmel are sponsoring a dance to be given in the parish house this evening from 8 to 11 o'clock. Members of the organization and friends in the community, regardless of their church affiliations, are invited to attend.

+

Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Hardy and their daughter, Rosemarie, have given themselves three months to get over their homesickness for Carmel. Their home is in Piedmont and they are now in their house on Thirteenth and Casanova for the summer.

+

Charles L. Lockwood, who was a resident of Carmel for four years, and who left our city last February for Los Angeles, died there last week. He leaves a wife, Florence Gilbert, well known portrait painter, and a daughter, Florence, who is now on the stage in New York. A brother, Edgar Lockwood, is also in New York.

+ + +

John von Saltza is a poor widderman for the summer. His wife, the former Betty Joyce, sister to Mrs. Dick Bare, has gone to Hawaii for a visit accompanied by her mother. John is interning at Stanford Hospital.

+

Dr. and Mrs. Francis V. Randol and their family have gone up into the hills until September. The hills are represented by a neat little cottage at Robles Del Rio.

+

Livingston B. (Jimmy) Kepplinger, Jr., died in San Francisco last Friday. Jimmy and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Kepplinger of Santa Clara Valley, were often visitors to Carmel. His death was the result of an infection. He was a graduate of Culver Military Academy and was connected with an advertising firm in the city. He was 23 years old.

+

From Berkeley, to stroll along our streets and sun themselves on the dunes, came Jean Haven, Georgia Bacon and Augusta Dabney. Jean and Augusta have just finished their senior years at the University of California and well do we remember when Georgia, at that time working in a dentist's office, brought over a plaster cast of somebody's mouth to our sister, to be used as an ashtray.

THE FILM "ECSTASY" IS COMING TO CARMEL

Here's ecstasy for you!

"Ecstasy" is coming to Carmel! The moving picture that has moved audiences all over the world will be shown at the Filmarte next week.

This is movie news of no mean calibre.

Nancy Cocke came back from a trip to Chicago a couple of months ago and raved about "Ecstasy".

But going up, or down, from Nancy as a critic, the opinions expressed far and wide have established the film as one of the greatest ever made.

But don't see it if you're a prude. There's a woman in it who appears without any clothes on. There are some people who see only this and to them the magnificence and beauty of the film is lost.

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OLGA STEEB'S FATHER DIES IN LOS ANGELES

Friends of Olga Steeb, talented pianist who was a soloist for the Bach Festival last year and will play here again this year, will be saddened by the news of the death of her father, Carl Steeb, at their home in Los Angeles last Friday. Sascha Jacobinoff, a close friend of Miss Steeb's, drove south last Sunday to play at the funeral services held Monday in Los Angeles. Miss Steeb's mother will accompany her daughter to Carmel this summer and will remain here throughout the month of July. Ted Gilbert also drove down with Jacobinoff and the two returned to Carmel late Wednesday.

+ + +

Ruth Young is back at work at Slevin's after two weeks away, most of it spent in El Paso, Texas. While there she visited Juarez and Carlsbad Caverns. She says they're wonderful—the Caverns. She liked it away from here for a while, but says it was hot—98 degrees a couple of days. But she looks younger and prettier than ever and the vacation must have been good for her.

+

Noel Sullivan was host to a large number of friends at a cocktail party last Sunday afternoon to bid goodbye to the Robinson Jeffers, who are leaving soon for Ireland.

+

Mrs. Oscar Sutro visited her sister, Ellen O'Sullivan, last week-end.

Humane Society Leases a New Animal Fold

At the meeting of the Humane Society Board of Directors Tuesday afternoon an executive committee, composed of President B. J. Pardee, Mrs. M. V. B. MacAdam and Mrs. Millicent Sears, was appointed to look after the business of the board. The committee will take care of financial matters, general policy and the hiring and firing of personnel.

The board re-affirmed the appointment of James R. Kam as manager of the David Avenue Animal Shelter and Guy S. Curtis as superintendent of all animal shelters in Monterey County. The county has leased a two-acre ranch at Marina for a new shelter. The property has a well with adequate water and a ranch house where the manager and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Gus Rice, will stay. Arrangements have been made for the construction of kennels and a run for the animals. A new truck has been purchased for the Marina Shelter. The David Street Shelter, which serves Monterey, Pacific Grove and Carmel, is much in need of a new truck. The old one is pretty well worn out and does not match up with the improvements being made on the shelter.

+ + +

Leslie King is staying at the Carmel Highlands home of Anne Hazen and Gladys Merrill for the next few months. Misses Hazen and Merrill have gone to Europe for the summer and will attend the Paris exposition.

people don't go to the Snack

just to "do" Carmel—it was never intended to be a show place . . . but those who dislike pretention, like distinguished drinks, correctly made and it quite a congenial place

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